

This is the official Lyric sheet for the album Thoughts Spring by the band PostPosition. All Lyrics and Artwork are Copyrighted as of 2008 by Their respective creators and Intended to be used for reference in this document.

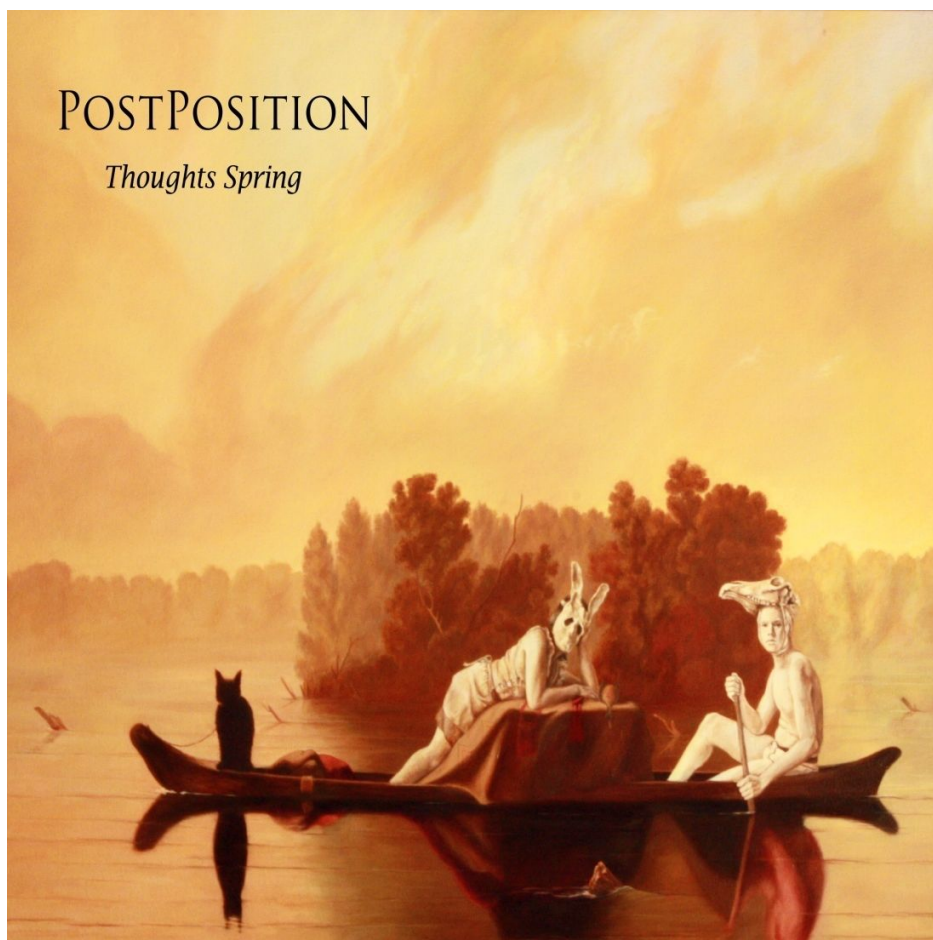
PostPosition is:

Michael Dooley: Guitar, Bass, Synthesizer, and Vocals

Carl Collison: Drums and Percussion

Eric Beringer: Bass, Guitar, and Vocals

The Cover art for Thoughts Spring is by Ben Isburg



Nightgown (MD) Desire hits my head I spin. A raging fire burns in my chest again and I'm wired, butterflies in my belly. Feeling tired, fantasizing too rapidly. Showered in emotion it's up to my knees. The power of it knocks me onto the ground. An hour passes by before I stand. A sour taste in my mouth and I can't come back down.

Chorus: I want something I cannot have so I tear up on the inside. It's crazy what feelings can do, they come in and they take you over entirely.

Lower, spirits drop I'm upside down. Slower, I hear a voice I hear a sound. I see the floor it's coming fast, I'm gonna hit. Wish I could soar back to the top but my body hits the ground
Chorus

Slip back into your nightgown walk around town wanna go down
Slip back into your nightgown walk around town wanna slow down

Before You (MD) I put this pad in front of me. I swing with drunkenness. My thoughts are glittered full of waste. My feelings such a mess. This wish this dream in front of me, this up in front, this stress is cutting deep. Oh, what a shame. It's putting time to rest.

Chorus: Why is this force so strong? When a feeling can't be wrong. Where was this lying?, where was I crying before you called out my name?

What is this I cannot see? What is this I cannot see? Is it opportunity or my intuition telling me there's something over me? Yeah there's something over me. I found a part of me in you.
Chorus

A Recollection From A Smell (MD) Fall into the trap door for some feeling, sit here for a spell. Think to myself Oh, well this must be hell. And it's so nice to seek refuge in this hospitable container of my own head. Wish I could be more real than real. This is how I feel.

Chorus: Cork it up Cork it up I bottle the memories. A recollection from a smell and I am living in the past again. Took me to the foot of a wishing well and I threw myself in. Wound up twisted in the roots of a tree, Tangled up and spread. A pain in my head, why am I not dead? And it is to me so confusing lying here on the back of a turtle in the ocean. Wish I could be more real than real. This is how I feel.
Chorus

Strings and A Scream (MD) I cannot sit and tell myself that something is possible. When that something requires my complete effort, I growl. Tie one another rope around my ankle. Attach the other end to a cinder block. Toss the cement block into the river. Try to swim.

Chorus: Motivation is waiting in the car and will wait there until I am ready. Already have lover, what else needs to be done? Simply become part of the scene with some strings and a Scream.

I cannot sit and tell myself that nothing is possible. There is an urgent message waiting for me at the end of the tunnel. Life seems far away now, but I am not frozen. I wanna get to that place. The place I seem to be running head first towards. I Won't even need a helmet when I hit it.

Chorus2: Tag the goal, claim the prize. It's all up in the air. If I'm quick enough I might be able to catch all of that shit before it hits the floor and crawls out of the door

Sew the Thread (EB) You save your will to feel the chill and track your mind for one more time inside of that frame. In silken strands you drape your hands they're never free to feel the breeze or caress a fading smile. From skies above you see the love and come to crown a tiny frown inside of your head. Head. Heart.

Chorus: And your puzzles' sew the thread. Two stains come bleeding beneath the bed. In another scramble for the feast, who's left to wonder what you'll be.

No need to plow into the dark the fertile days have left their mark in time and space. Unleashing cries into the void you cannot help but feel employed to sigh for your release. For days gone by, in pain you roam. The seventh sign has brought you home in spite of fear. Fear... Here.... Fear... Near
Chorus

And the mind is running clear. A century fever breaking near. And the new vibration opens wide with a larger view of you inside.

Thoughts Spring (MD) It Stings, the piercing thoughts spring, brain seem has burst out, brought pressing of pain. So sing, try to get a good thought out. Impossible now brought caving towards ground. Decide you're gonna turn a new leaf, with grief you're stricken, your spine is twisting. Guilt piles up heavy on your chest. You rest your case and try to cast it away. Chorus: We saw you there laughing loud, trying to get an idea of what was going on. Packed the wrong snapcase again. Shoved into your face again. How dare you try to act so surprised. You goddamn Chinaski, and if again you need to be reminded, fall down.

Just wait for the days to pass. It lasts awhile, will crimp up your style. You clutch and pull at your hair. So where were you when the room started to spin?

Chorus

Tug, Struggle. I hope it hurts inside. You might be feeling Drug puzzle. Do you want to die? It could be healing.

Shiny Diamond Surprise (EB) Hose me down. I swear I'm gonna burst out in flames. Circumstances lasso me and drill a hole deep down in my brain. Damn that cassanova, he just stole the one girl that I loved in vain. If I didn't know better I'd say that he just made his final mistake. Perhaps she was in pain. Not thinking very clearly. I remember you and I watching all those clouds roll by. You were at the wheel. I was by your side. What a drive. I was feeling so alive. I swore if you split in two I'd find a diamond inside of you. A shiny diamond surprise in you. Strolling through that city scene, everyone there seemed so obscene, till you sealed the deal. The sun blew through my eyes. What a rise. I was feeling so alive my world was green and true. I saw the diamond inside of you. That shiny diamond surprise in you.

Chorus: When you're far away from me I know just what I wanna say to you, but when you come around the words they slip away. Yes they do. Torn and frayed, misconstrued. When you're around you know I'm really wound up in your sunny day. Bent insane. Inside your holiday I'm free. You know looking back now I can see it just fine, when all your scattered ducks fell into line, sionara me. Hello brand new life. Sweet Goodbye. I was feeling so alive your spirit was crazy glue. I felt that diamond inside of you. That shiny diamond surprise is you. Chorus

Tank (MD) Take all the people you know and love and put them into a tank. Then fill the tank up with only enough air to keep one person alive, and see who's left in the tank when it's all over and done. Either you will become slain or you will slay. It's all a battle for that one breath of air. You'd rather be alone than be by someone's side. Ah, give me this give me that. I'd much rather die. See who's left in the tank when it's all over and done.

Obsidian Skies (EB) I watch the days pass by as you pour your love into an endless taking face. Don't retrace the chalk lines where your thoughts lie murdered. Instead embrace the garden growing in the shelter of today. Soon you'll stand in a state unwithered like an ageless tree able to pull the unknowable from the ground below. The seeds you sew are the dreams you carry in your sweet hair. Beware the thieves below stealing minutes away from your day. Never a moment to retreat, desire is stifled by the calling crow soaring in the distance. An instant never seemed so long my time was painted. Changing with your life around the role you think you play. The thoughts you drove cast your sails into oblivion. obsidian skies were never so easy to navigate. Operate as your halls grow darker. You hear your voice sing in a melody rising rain. Shatter the ground and rattle all the thoughts you hold. Chains melt away, love can now unfold. Seasons fall in the wake of a brand new space, blown away. The calling crow returned all your missing desire.

When it is I was (MD) If I was subjected to something I wanted I would try. If it were suggested that I move in some direction I should try. And when my eyes have gone dry, I will still find some way to cry. And when it's time for me to die, hope that I'm ready to try. And then there lies the problem of where do I go? How should I know. And in there's a solution when I should show what I should show when I will roll. And come the time for me to glow. What have I done? I might be moving slow. And when it's time for me to grow, I will be much too old I know. So if there ever comes a day when I might find some way to pray. Wonder what I might say? Probably doesn't matter anyway.

Rehashed (MD) Rehashed Moustache, A carpet bag in the rain. You're there, I'm scared. A hot rail under train. Slim fit, no shit. I think I forgot my name. Big can, no man. Makes me feel just the same as I did before. Hot flash, No cash. Some kind of lucid dream. Red flare, despair. Fish swimming in gasoline. Rise up! I've had enough. Get out your magic cane. Big bang. He'll hang. Makes me feel just the same as I did before. Snip snip, hip trip. I think I just smoked a seed. Feel fine. Nevermind, don't like you breathing on me. Head ball, small stall. Dates back when I was a kid. Same face, different place. Makes me feel just the same as I did before. Rewind. Just fine. No longer feel any pain. Instead. Hoththead. Mad dog running without chain. Quick crash. Whiplash. Tap tapping on window pane. Head Slashed. Rehashed. Makes me feel just the same as I did before.

Select (MD) Could you be the same without doing the things you have done? Could you live without wondering if that choice was the right one? Is life a gamble with selections plus chance, or for fun? Could you keep up with yourself if your mind went on the run?

Chorus: Select, Select. Go back to start. Not an option motherfucker. Select, select. Go back start. Best of luck playing your part.

This play, this whole stage it's a part of a show you put on for yourself. Don't act like you don't know. You're just scared of the choices spilling out in from of you. Walking wondering, never picking up the right stone. Chorus Can't a day go by without feeding the fire? Stretching the truth, everyone is a liar. Perpetuating our troubles, wrapping them in wire. We'll break away later to raise the scale higher and higher.

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Michael Dooley: Guitar/Bass/Vocals/Keys/

Eric Beringer: Bass/Guitar/Vocals

Carl Collison: Drums/Percussion

This album was recorded at BassCement Studios in Yankton, SD and at Utica Studios in Utica,SD. Engineered, mixed, and mastered by Eric Beringer. All songs Produced by PostPosition Copyright 2008 PostPosition. Visit PostPosition at www.myspace.com/postposition for updates and information.

We would like to thank all our family and friends for their support and encouragement throughout the duration of this project. A special thanks to the Collison family for the donation of their generous space to practice and create. To Bill Chase for letting us use his sweet gear, and Karl Aaning for the use of his bionic amplifier. Lamar Sutton for use of his modulated space frequencies on Nightgown. Cover Art by Ben Isburg

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